SNOWED UNDER. BY BLLA WHERLER.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Of a thousand things that the Year snowed

The busy Old Year that has gone away-How many will rise in the Spring, I wonder Brought to life by the sun of May? Will the rose-tree granches, so wholly hidden That never a rose-tree seems to be, At the sweet Spring's call come forth unbid-

And bud in beauty, and bloom for me! Will the fair, green Earth, whose throbbing

Is hid like a maid's in her gown at night, Wake out of her sleep, and with blade and

Gem her garments to please my sight? Over the knoll in the valley yonder The loyeliest buttercups bloomed and grew When the snow has gone that drifted then

Will they shoot sunward, and bloom anew When wild winds blew, and a sleet-storm pelted.

I lost a jewel of precious worth; If I walk that way when the snows have melted,

Will the gem gleam up from the bare, brown Earth! I laid a love that was dead or dying, For the year to bury and hide from sight; But out of a trance will it waken, crying,

light! Ander the snow lie things so cherished-Hopes, ambitions, and dreams of men-Faces that vanished, and trusts that perished

Never to sparkle and glow again. The Old Year greedily grasped his plunder And covered it over and hurried away; Of the thousand things that he hid, I wonde How many will rise at the call of May? O wise Young Year, with your hands held

Your mantle of ermine, tell me, pray !

SAVED BY MATCHES.

A small room, poorly furnished; a pot of mignonette in the window; a girl at work at the table, sewing steadily. She would have been pretty if she had not been so poor. It she had been better fed, she would have had a rosy cheek; if she had had treedom and less labor, she would have had dimples; if she had worn a dress of violet silk, instead of faded calico, it would have brought cut the fairness of her skin and the golden hue of her hair. As it was, Alice Morne was pale, and pinched, and sad, with the sewing-girl's stoop of shoulders, and the sewing-girl's heavy heart.

She rose suddenly and folded up her work-a child's garment, of fine cambric trimmed with dainty lace. She made a package of it, donned her bonnet and shawl, and went out of her lodginghouse.

She threaded the commercial streets rapidly, and emerged on the avenues of wealthy rivate residences. Here it was quieter. The dusk was gathering. Now and then a carriage rolled by. One or two stately houses were lighted for receptions. Many more were somberly closed. Alice went on with her quiet, rapid step.

She stopped at last before a house all in a blaze of light. Costly lace curtains concealed the luxurious rooms within; the soft notes of a piano came softly upon the girl's ear.

night," said Alice

She went into the area and rang the · bella

A servant admitted her. She went

in with her bundle. She came out with a light step. The work had been approved, and she had been paid. A little dazzled with the scene she had just emerged from, she paused upon the pavement to count the

"Give me a cent," said a little beggarboy starting comewhere out of the silent shadows.

"What do you want it for? asked Alice. "I'm hungry," answered the child.

He was pale and pinched. "Here's a dime; I would give you more if I could," she said.

The child took it eagerly. She passed on, with less than \$2 to buy supper and pay for a week's rent.

She had more work. When it was finished she came the same way in the dusk. As she passed over the sidewalk a faint line of white attracted her atcention.

There was a knob of glass, generally called "bull's-eyes," in the pavement. It is usually inserted over a coal vault, and is removed to admit the coals. This one had not been adjusted with exactitude, and at the crevice appeared a line of white. Alice stooped down and for three years." examined it. It was the edge of a

She drew it out with a wild thought draft. But it contained only a few words, written in pencil.

"I have watched for you constantly place matches where you found this payou can ask, # A PRISONER."

Alice closed the paper in her Eand and looked around bewildered. No one was the crevice. You saw it immediately, quite evenly in its place. She touched it with her toot, but could not move it. fore day-light?" After waiting a moment, confused and in doubt, she passed on, recollecting her errand.

The area door admitted her. The cervant had a child in her arm, the dainty little thing for whom Alice made gar- and dropped his face on his folded arms ments.

to her chamber," said she. "You know lessly, preparing a little breakfast. She the way."

The lady whom she met was not lovely; she was sallow and dark; very disa- propriety to have him there. She was greeable looking-clutching her cash- only zealous, in her pity, to serve him, mere gown at the breast, and turning seeing, by daylight, how ill he looked.

impatiently toward her little sewing

"Why did you not "come before?" she asked in a hoarse voice, with a slight French secent. "The child should have had that dress to drive in to-day." "I was sick yesterday; I could not

Madame snatched the package, tearing it open, and letting the little emproidered robe tall upon the bed. "Well, here is your money," said she,

lously.

will employ some one who will do as table. they promise."

Alice turned away with a bursting heart-for the woman's words meant starvation for her. She dared not raise her voice in reply; she divined truly that the heart under that rich robe was one of stone.

As she passed down stairs, she heard low voice. It proceeded from one of the rooms about her.

"And he is twenty-one to-day?" if "Yes; it is three years since his mys-

terious disappearance," with a sneering And push to my heart like a leaf to the

The voices were stealthy. A door closed and shut them in. Alice passed down into the street.

She walked fast, treading, unthinkngly, upon the bull's-eye, and went home. When she flung herself down to weep, she suddenly felt the crumpled paper in her hand.

What should she do? She lay thinking a long time. She considered the strangness of the request, the possibility that it was not meant for her, the idea that it was a hoax, or written by some madman—for it was a man's hand

But the girl's heart was warm and true. The possibility that some one was in trouble, and she might help them. was the thought that had most weight. With no one to council or object she obeyed it.

She went to the store and spent \$1 of her precious money for matches. She received a large package, containin

thousands of little lucifers. The city clocks were striking nine as

she reached the bull's-eye. The street was silent, the pavement deserted. As she bent down, some one tapped upon the bull's eye. She slipped a sheet of matches into the crevice. It disappeared. She waited a few moments; the hand tapped for more; she supplied them.

As she waited again a pedestrian approached. She rose, and stepped back iuto the shadows until he had passed; otherwise, she did not fear. The street was quiet, and she could see the stars twinkling in the clear sky.

Hour after hour she supplied matches at intervals of quarter hours. Ocea. sionally the rap came for an earlier de. mand. But she could not see the hand. She only imagined it to be a man's.

It was long past midnight. The city clocks were near striking two when her matches became exhausted. She "The Tracy's give another party to- had not been sufficiently supplied, she thought.

Quite at a loss what she ought to do she rose from her cramped positionstanding in doubt, when a voice said:

"Come with me!"

She started in terror, for a man stood beside her; but the next words reassured

"It is I whom you gave the matches to; do not be afraid, but take my arm and walk fast, I am not safe here."

Alice could see only a tall form, and pale face, the features of which she could ot distinguish; but the voice, though hurried, was gently modulated, and the stranger took her hand with a grasp that was not unpleasant.

"You must be tired; but this has been good night's work for you, little girl,' he said.

"What did you want the matches for?" asked Alice, trembling. He had drawn her hand within his wn, and she walked rapidly beside

It was the only way in which I could get fire," he answered. "The heat melted the cement which inclosed the bull's eve in the wall of my prison, and escaped through the cavity. It was larger than the one in the pavement. I have been a prisoner in my own house

As they left the vicinity of the Tracy,

dwelling, he walked slower. "I was quite helpless," he added. that it might be some valuable check or knew of no one to appeal to whom I could trust But listening and waiting, as a man only listens and waits for freedom, I grew familiar with your step as for a week. If you would save my life it passed so often over the bull's eye and come back here, and all night long up the steps, and a week ago, when I per. You shall be rewarded with all resolved to trust you. I knew you? tread the instant that it touched the curbstone, and I slipped the paper up to be seen. She looked flown at the Ine hour till you came passed heavily; lump of d 2 glass, but it was entirely you were my only hope. You are a opaque. The bull's eye was not set brave, good child. Now, where is your

fore day-light?" "It is a poor place," said Alice, "but

you are welcome." Daylight was dawning when she revealed her poverty-stricken little room to him. He flung himself into a chair upon the table. Alice fancied that he "Mrs. Tracy said you was to come up was praying, and moved about noisedid not realize that this man was young and handsome, and it was not, perhaps,

ings in the little sewings-girl's room. She had been sent for a lawyer, the most renowned and popular one in the city, and he came with two other gentleman, so grand that little Alice was quite awe-stricken. Finally, Mr. Lionel finish it," answered poor Alice, tremu- Tracy-that was the name of the hero -went away with them, and she was left alone with her poverty and wonder. Only she was not quite so helpless and distressed as she had been, for one of the gentlemen had smiled upon her, opening a velvet purse. "Next time I and left a few pieces of gold on her

But the marvel was all over with her. and the gold was spent, and poverty and labor and care had come back, when, one day, there was a knock at the door, man in waiting said that she had been

What could she do but to obey the summons? wondering what fairy work it was-that luxurious ride-until she began to see through it, for the carriage

stopped at the Tracy mansion. There had been great public excitement-the papers had been charged with the development of the infamous plot in high life, whereby the true heir of a great fortune had been drugged, while ill, and concealed, and a story trumped up about his mysterious disappearance; but Alice, in her solitude, had known nothing about it. Her pennies wet t for bread instead of news. But when she stepped upon the threshhold, Lionel Tracy, the restored master. met her with a tender courtesy that took away all her fear, and made her feel like a little queen in the midst of the splendor.

"Have the rest all gone away?" she asked, seeing no one but new servants, and a pleasant woman who was the housekeeper.

"Yes; I am quite alone, and shall be unless you will come and live with me,"

said Mr. Lionel Tracy. "Do you want a sewing-girl?" asked

Alice, innocently. "No; I want a wife," he answered; one whom I can love with all my heart, as I do you Alice. Will you comer"

Did she? Well, yes: And the public had another episode to excite themthe famous Lionel Tracy's marriage. Alice grew charming with happiness, and she was chronicled as a beauty when she became his bride.

Washing Made Easy.

Have a boiler full of boiling water. Assort your clothes, the cleanest into one tub, the more soiled into another, and any that are very dirty into some pail or tub by themselves. Take a pail of hot water, add to it the dissolved soap needed, and pour it over the clothes. Continue to do this until they are all covered. Then take your wash board, bottom end up, and work the clothes around a few moments, and leave them until the wster is cool enough for your hands. You will find that they need almost no rubbing. Put them into the Nebraska. boiler in cold water without soap, let them get scalded but not boil, rinse in one water, blue, and you will find them pure and white. Baby's washing will need no rubbing and in place of boiling Wisconsin. you can pour hot water over the articles, cover twenty-minutes, then rinse. they never shrink. Put them in boiling hot suds, work with the washboard, wring once more into boiling kot water and even very dirty flannels will come clear profit for 1880 was over \$250,000. out clean, soft and clear, without any rubbing. If by some mistortune you have flannels shrunken, wait until you Buffalo at a profit of fifty cents per can have snow water, wash them in that, and when they are nearly dry press them carefully with a hot iron, and you will be pleased to find them perhaps even a little larger than they were at first.

NO MORE GOSSIP.

Indianapolis Daily Seutinel.

It we are correctly informed, St. Jacobs Oil is now the usual tea-party topic in place of the former staple—free gos-How wise and how much more

The Spider's Apparatus. Few things are more wonderful than the spinning apparatus of the spider. On the under side of the creature's body are placed four or six little knobs, each not larger than the point of a pin. These are outlets of certain receptacles within the abdomen, where the silk is prepared. When the spider wishes to spin a thread, it presses the knobs or spinerets, with one of its legs, and forthwith there issue from each, not one, but a thousand fibres, of such exquisite fineess that it is only when all the products all the spinerets are united that they come visible to the naked eye. The "thread" of the spider is thus a tiny rose of four or six thousand strands. heard your voice to that beggar-boy, 1 Truly God is great in little things. The twisting of the fibres into one cord is performed by the hindmost pair of legs, , like the rest, are furnished with three claws apiece. Using these claws as firgers, the little ropemaker twists her groups of thread into one, with sur prising rapidity.

That wonderful remedy for rheums tism, St. Jacobs Oil. has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous. Fre-quent reports are made wher sufferers have been afforded relief, and the sale is growing largely. The fact that it is an external remedy, commends it to many who would not otherwise think of

going out of the beaten track to find a remedy. Gen. Fi zhugh Lee is to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Louisiana Confederate soldiers' statue of Stonewall Jackson at New Orleans on the 10th of May next.

But by noon there were strange do- A Case Where the Free Lunch System Wouldn't Work.

"If there ain't a change in the religious world pretty soon I am going to throw down the gospel and take up the grubbing hoe," remarked an old man yesterday. "I've rid a circuit for forty odd years, and I'm treated worse now than when I fust begun."

"What is your cause of complaint parson," asked a bystander.

"My recenest cause is one what flanks

all others," answered the circuit rider, wiping a drop of water from the end of his peaked nose with the sleeve of his brown jeans coat. "I have preached a good heal here in Little Rock, and until recent it had allers been my belief that if and the landlady's little girl said that a a man could pull through here he could carriage was standing for her, and a pull through anywhere. But I was blind wrong. Yesterday I went in the Gum Lick district where I had an appointment to preach in the school-house. When I got there I found that old man Wiggles, a hard-shell Baptist, had got in ahead of me. I went in without any ill feeling, intending to wait until he got through, when I would muster my congregation and take the field. After awhile he got through preachin' and announced that sacrament would be taken when the boy got back from the still house. 'My congregation uses whiskey instead of wine.' he went on, and Arkansaw cornbread instead of your wheat fixins.' Just then the boy arrived, and the old man tak the cob stopper from the black chunk bottle and began to pour out the whiskey. Now, if there's anything that strikes me natural, it is whiskey, and thinking that I could preach better after being warmed up a little. I went up to the table and reached out after the bottle, when the old man looked at me and said:

"Air't you a Methodist?"

"Yes, sir!" "Den't you know that we don't allow the Methodists to commune with us? Do you take this place for a free lunch counter, eh? No, sir, if you are not a customer of the Lord you can't eat and drink here."

"I've got a right to the table," I said, "and I'll help myself."

"Tetch that bottle and I'll lift you." "I grabbed the bottle and the old man struck me with a pone of corn-bread and knocked me down. Then somebody kicked me, and all hands dragged me out."

"You got into a nest of close communionists, did you?" asked the bystanders.

"Ruther like it. Why, them fellows would snatch a piece of bread from Jacob and tear the bosom outen Abraham's shirt. No, sir, until there is more freedom in church I shan't renew my connections. Where can a fellow get a two-pound hoe?"

Every farmer, merchant and mechanic interested in the leading issue of the day, the transportation question, should read the Omaha BEE, the most out spoken anti-monopoly paper in the west. Sample copies mailed free Di-Prof. Henry S. Holden, of the Na-

tional Observatory at Washington, is to succeed the late Prof. Watson at the Washington Observatory, University of President Gonzales of Mexico is liber-

al. He has just given \$500 toward alle-Fiannels we wear the year round, and viating the Prevalent distress in Mata-

William F. Dalrymple, of the famous grain farm in Dakota, says that the He raised more than 500,000 bushels of wheat on 24,000 acres, and sold it in bushel.

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human clatern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the ne plus unum of medicines. Boston Globe.

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The thing desired found at last. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats. It cleers out rats, naice, roaches, bed-bugs, &c. 15c boxes. Lyon's Heel Stiffeners keep boots and shoe straight. Bold by shoe and hardware dealers To rest at night in spite of coughs or sore throat, take Piso's Cure on going to bed.

How To Secure Health.

It seems strange that anyone will suffer from lerangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BL SOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the REST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysiplias, Malaria; all Nervous disorders and Debility, Bilious complaints and all Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a healthy renewer, for it ACTS LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous ayet m.

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An Engrance Traffic - Pittsburgh boasts that \$49,746 bottles of Carn Ling have been sold within the last six months. This shows that the great army of baldbeads will soon be reduced to a corporal's guard. All Remedies are Too Late when the lungs are destroyed. Extinguish a cough at once with Hale's Honey of Horebound and Tar. Pike's Toothachs Drops cure in one minute. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetasic Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a posi-tive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham

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The grand premium distribution of the Omaha BEE, consisting of \$20,000 worth of agricultural implements, household goods, jewelry, watches, musical instruments, sewing machines, and other valuable and useful articles, takes place on February 22 t, 1881. No postponement. The WEEKLY BEE, a 56 column, 8 page, sheet, contains more far western news, including every state and territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Sample copies, with full premium list, mailed tree. All premium subscriptions must be in by the 20th of February. Direct letters to the Daily Bee, Omah. Nebras a.

Endeavor to always talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they dream is drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental stores enough for each, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is dull system for young people, a place from whence they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

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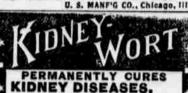


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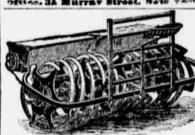
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